

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1846.

NUMBER 24.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

VISION OF HOME.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Hark, hark to the music! how softly 'tis breathed!
I see the long tresses with roses entwined,
And hear the quick flying of steps in the dance,
And fancy can picture the love-lighted glance:

For many are learning that eloquent art,
Which sends every word from the lip to the heart;
And wine-cups flow sweetly, and mantles are bright
As the flutter of beautiful wings in the light.

There Beauty dismantles her bosom from care,
And brows gleam with jewels and white arms are bare;
But O, in my spirit there rises, the while,
A still home, made sweet with the light of a smile.

O mine be the cottage half hid in the leaves,
With vines on the windows and birds in the eaves,
And a heart there, whose warm tide shall flow like the sea,
But never, O never, for any but me!

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Rush on! rush on! the mighty dirge
Of waters mingle in thy surge,
And heaveth high their snowy foam
Beneath the brow of yon arched dome,
Or sparkle in the silvery light,
In changed and changing colors bright,
Where flood and sun in beauty gave
The Iris of thy dashing wave.

Rush on! rush on! the stream of time,
Still leaves thee in thy might sublime;
The wakening thunder swelling o'er,
Is lost amidst thy deafening roar;
The mountain stream, the dewy shower,
And darkened clouds that o'er thee lower,
The tempest's wrath, the zephyr's glee,
All mingling loose their power in thee.

Man rides upon the ocean wide,
And tempts its dark and treacherous tide,
Toils where volcanic mountains rise,
And where the simoon's breath defies,—
But awed before thy presence stands,
Thy grand and gloomy wildness scans—
With arts proud mastery dares aspire,
To paint the writhings of thy ire.

Rush on! it seems that nature's care
Has lavished all her beauties there,
And through a waste of water smiles
The foliage of a flower-gem'd isle,
And mist and sun-wreaths lightly meet,
In floating softness at thy feet,
While angry waves thy gray rocks kiss,
And leap into the dark abyss.

Rush on! rush on! what heart can tell
Thy wild, thy deep and glorious spell!—
That soaring fancy's themes command,
And holds them as with magic wand!—
Unchanged, unchanging, in thy mood,
Proud, restless monarch of the flood!
Rush on! rush on! the mighty dirge
Of waters mingle in thy surge.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 21, 1846.

ROSA.

Original Tale.

THE UNKNOWN COUNTESS; OR, CRIME AND ITS RESULTS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," "SECRET ROBBER," "SILVER-BIRD," "HELLENA ASHTON," ETC.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 178.)

"Great heavens, Merton! and here! What is the meaning of this?" cried she, in alarm, as she recognized in the individual before her the one previously alluded to, as being employed by the Doctor to accomplish his hellish design.

He was a tall man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, rather high of forehead, of a dark complexion, black glossy hair, which he wore long, curled in a manner not unlike the gamblers and pickpockets of the present day. His features were well formed, and by many would have been considered handsome; but there was an expression in his small black eyes, which was any thing but flattering in regard to his moral character.

"Hut!" replied he, in answer to her interrogation. "Pray, be seated. I merely came to have a few minutes' conversation with you; be not alarmed."

"But this is not the time nor place to talk with me, sir," returned she, sternly. "You forget I am a woman, and have a character to lose. Why is that door bolted and locked?"

"To prevent intrusion from without and egress from within," replied Merton, coolly.

"Ha! your words have a secret meaning. What would'st thou with me?"

"Much."

"Say on."

"I would have thee mine!"

"That can never be—thou hast had my answer before. Go, and leave me."

"But I say it MUST be so; thou must be mine."

"MUST!" cried Marianne, contemptuously, drawing herself up to her full height. "Villain, begone, ere I expose thee to the contempt thy actions and thy words deserve. Go!"

"Nay, young lady, not so fast. Again I tell thee thou MUST be mine," returned he, calmly and firmly. "Seek not to alter it—it is said."

"Art thou a MAN? Hast thou the feelings of a man?" said she, indignantly. "If so, PRIDE, at least, should teach thee not to ask again of her who has thrice denied thee."

"Ay, my haughty beauty, PRIDE has so taught me; and know I am not here to ASK, but to command."

"What! dost thou dare heap insolence on insolence? Begone, or I will call my guardian."

"Then call, it will be in vain."

"Gracious heavens! What mean you?" exclaimed she, wildly, as a sudden thought flashed upon her.

"Well, then, I will tell you what I mean," replied he, deliberately folding his arms and fastening his keen black eyes upon hers, until she shrank from their gaze as she would from those of the deadly serpent. "I will tell you what I mean. I am paid, by your affectionate guardian, to dishonor you. For some reasons, unknown to myself, he considers such a course requisite. Whatever his reasons are, I care not; I have agreed to fulfil my part, and am now here for that purpose. I pray you be resigned to your fate—there is no escape. Care has been taken to have all the servants absent; so that even should you be foolish enough to scream, which I trust you will not, it can reach the ears of none who will render you the least assistance."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" exclaimed she, "to what am I destined! But, no! no! You do not—you cannot mean what you say! My guardian, too, he would not thus attempt to destroy my peace forever."

"Lady, it is true—all I have said, is true. Come, consent, peaceably; otherwise, force must be used."

"Fiend! tempter! devil! away—away!" cried she, as he moved towards her. "Consent to my own degradation—consent to become a thing to be by honest people loathed! Never! Had I a thousand deaths to die, I'd die them all, sooner than be such a THING!"

There was a dignity in her manner—a holy fire in her eye (if we may so use the expression,) as she spoke, that overawed Merton, and for a moment the stubborn villain trembled before the innocent, helpless girl, as the culprit might be supposed to tremble before the judge about to give him his sentence. It was the secret power which virtue, at times, will exercise over vice. Recovering himself, in a moment,—ashamed and angry at the cowardice thus displayed, and, as if to atone for this,—he sprang towards her with the desperation of a madman, exclaiming—

"By heavens! I'll have thee now, nor hell itself shall wrench thee from my iron grasp, until thou art the THING thou loathest!"

With one wild scream of despair, Marianne sprang back, to elude his grasp,—when, with a tremendous crash, the door parted in its very centre, through which sprang a form with the rapidity of lightning, and, ere the startled occupants had time to comprehend the meaning, Merton, with a mighty blow, was stretched senseless upon the floor, and Marianne was caught to the bosom of Henry Neville.

Starting back and looking wildly into his face, then rubbing her eyes, as if to assure herself it was reality, Marianne rushed back to his arms, exclaiming—

"It is no dream! It is—it is my own dear Henry!" and overcome by the sudden transition from despair to joy, she fainted upon his breast.

"Yes, poor girl! it is thy Henry!" murmured he, as he bent over and implanted a kiss upon her marble-like forehead; and as he gazed upon her, and thought of the agony she must have suffered to work a change so visible in one short week, tears started to his eyes, and, for the moment, the man was as the child. But action was necessary, for Merton was fast returning to consciousness; and laying her gently upon the bed, he again bent over her and implanted a second kiss; at the same instant, the sharp report of a pistol rang through the room, and, whizzing past his head, a ball was lodged in the wall a few feet beyond. Starting and whirling around, his gaze encountered Doctor Barton standing in the door-way.

"Ha! have I missed thee?"—cried the Doctor, with a look that, courageous as he was, made Henry's blood run chill, and for a moment held him in check—"have I missed thee? Then take that!" and dashing down the discharged pistol, he raised another, and deliberately glancing along the barrel, his finger touched the trigger. At this instant, when Henry's fate seemed inevitable, Barton's arm was beat down, by some one from behind; and, as the second report rang out, Merton, who was rising from where he had been felled by Henry, uttered a groan and fell back again, senseless, the ball having pierced his side.

"And would'st thou add murder to thy crimes?" cried a shrill voice in his ear, that made the Doctor start and tremble,—for well he remembered that voice, although its tones had been silent to him for fifteen years.

"Who speaks?" cried he, wheeling around and confronting the figure, already spoken of as overhearing the conference between the Doctor and Cartene.

"Ay, well you may ask who speaks," said the woman, in a heavy, solemn voice. "'Tis the spirit of your victim, the mother of Marianne, which does and will speak to your guilty soul forever. Dost thou not remember her curse, if you wronged her daughter?"

"I do—I do!" replied the Doctor, turning pale—his gaze sinking to the floor—for the moment losing his wonted self-control.

"Ah, you need not speak! Your pale countenance and downcast eye would tell as much," returned the woman. "REMEMBER, that curse shall be fulfilled!"

"Who art thou, old hag?" cried the Doctor, angrily, ma-

king an effort to appear collected. "Who art thou that durst enter my dwelling and talk to me thus?"

"Who art thou? Canst thou not guess who I am? Behold!" As she spoke, she threw off the covering, and revealed her features to the Doctor.

"Ha! Mary!" muttered the Doctor, with a start. "It is as I suspected. So, all my villainy will be discovered; but I may yet escape!" Saying this, he turned and made for the stairs, down which he seemed to fly, rather than run, until he had nearly reached the bottom, when, a misstep precipitated him upon the floor, and, as he regained his feet, Henry (who had closely watched him during his conversation with Mary, and, perceiving his intention, had sprung after him with the agility of a cat,) now seized him roughly by the collar, exclaiming—"Hold! thou more than devil! Not thus shalt thou escape!" and, forcing him back, in spite of his resistance, returned to the room of Marianne.

During his absence, which had been but a minute, Marianne had partly recovered from her swoon; and when he returned, Mary was bending over and unloosing her dress, to give her air, while the tears standing in her eyes told, far more than words, the feelings of her heart.

Starting up like one awakened from a startling dream, yet doubts whether it be a dream or reality, Marianne gazed hurriedly around the apartment, and perceiving Henry and the Doctor, the truth flashed upon her, a gentle blush mantled her cheeks, and sinking back, she murmured, "It is no dream." Then fastening her eyes upon Mary, they became rivetted there, as though by a spell; her breathing came quick and heavy; and, partly rising, without withdrawing her gaze, she gasped, "Who art thou? Surely—surely I have seen thy face before; yet when or where I cannot tell."

"Yes, child," said Mary, gently, "thou hast seen my face before, for I nursed thee when an infant. I was a servant in thy father's mansion, and stood beside the death-bed of thy mother."

"My father?" exclaimed she. "Oh! do not—do not mention him."

"And why not? His name was never sullied with dishonor."

"What!" gasped she; "was he—was he—my—my legal father?"

"He was."

"Speak—speak!" cried Henry; "his name?"

"Count La Roix."

"Marianne!"

"Henry," cried she, rushing into his arms, "take me—take me—I am thine!" and locked in each other's embrace, for a moment, the lovers forgot, in their ecstasy of joy, there was such a thing as mortality—and that it was but the word of a poor woman, and that woman a stranger, on which rested their hopes.

"Here is much mystery," said Henry, who was the first to speak. "I pray you, good woman, explain."

"Yes, I will explain," returned Mary; "but first, I would tell you, there (pointing to the Doctor) stands the author of all your misery."

"My guardian?" said Marianne, affectionately. "Is it possible that you, who, until of late, have treated me thus kindly—is it possible that you can be that villain?"

"Yes, girl," replied the Doctor, calmly, "it is not only possible, but true. When I told you of your mother, I told the truth but in part. I am the villain who seduced and brought her to an ignominious death; but you were then a child—a legal child, of Count La Roix, late deceased, and by whom you not only inherit the title of Countess, but with it one million of francs, willed to you in case you married or arrived at the age of eighteen—provided there was no blemish upon your character; but, in case of that, or your decease, this fell to the next heir at law. This said heir at law, or his agent, learned that you lived with me, sought me out and found me, at a time when I expected every day my property to be torn from me by my creditors, laid his plan open to, and offered me an immense sum, could I succeed in staining your fair name. Goaded by my almost unnatural desire to obtain this money, in an evil moment I consented. How far I have succeeded, you already know. HAD I succeeded, this night would I have sailed for France. But fate decreed it otherwise; I yield to fate."

"But why, dear guardian," said Marianne, tenderly—"WHY did you listen to that villain, who was plotting against my eternal peace? Why did you not tell me of my name, and that I was an heiress? Half, willingly, would I have given you, had you required it. Ay, ALL, rather than you should

have been thus dishonored. As yet, you can escape the eyes of the world. You say you would have sailed for France. Go, then, now; if you lack the means, money shall be provided you. Go, live and repent, and become a better man." Ere she concluded, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice became choked with emotion.

At first the Doctor listened calmly and coldly, as one who expects nothing but contempt and reproaches; but as he saw her disinterested kindness—saw the look of tenderness she cast upon him—his heart seemed to creep to his throat—tears started to his eyes—tears, the first he had shed for long, long years—and, unable to stand, he leaned against the wall for support.

"And you—you would have done this," said he, as soon as he recovered strength to speak. "You would do this—you would set me free—me, who have been plotting your destruction! Recall, recall those words—they pierce my heart like daggers. Say you hate, you loathe, detest, abhor me; I can bear any thing, but kindness, and that from you. Oh, God! what a wretch have I been!" and his whole frame shook, convulsed with inward emotions.

It was a noble sight, to see that dark, stern man, whose very heart had been but the receptacle of crime, trembling and affected even to tears by a few tender words of an innocent girl, and both Henry and Mary found it difficult to restrain the emotions caused by such a spectacle.

Recovering his former composure, and turning to Marianne, the Doctor said: "Dear girl, had I met with such as you when I was young, perchance I should have been saved the commission of crimes which are now weighing me down, as 'twere, to hell; for already do I feel the fires of my coming torment—the seven times heated fires of a guilty conscience. You ask me to go and screen myself from the world: I will obey you, for I would not be held up to the public gaze. You ask me to repent and become a better man: that cannot be—my sins have reached even to Heaven—my name is blotted from the book of life. Your mother's curse rings in my ears; for that must be fulfilled—and all, all, all is lost! But, ere I go, let me do one just act," and, approaching Marianne, he took her hand and placed it in that of Henry's. "You are worthy each of the other. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon you!" Farewell! farewell!"

Turning upon his heel, he had glided from the room ere the listeners were aware he had done speaking. They never saw him more. A short time after a paragraph appeared in the papers, announcing the death, by suicide, of Dr. Barton; his name being discovered by papers found upon the body.

We must now draw our tale to a close. But little more need be said. Merton, upon examination, was found to be seriously, but not dangerously, wounded. He was taken to the Hospital, where, after a long confinement, and much bodily and mental suffering, he recovered, reformed, and became a useful member of society.

Cartene, who, in fact, was "the next heir at law," finding matters had taken a wrong turn, made for the South, where, in attempting to rob a bank, he was afterward shot.

Mary afterward related to the lovers the whole particulars concerning herself and Marianne; but, as the reader is already acquainted with nearly all that appertains to our story, we will conclude by touching upon a few points. After the decease of Madame La Roix, Mary (although she had never made herself known to Marianne) had watched her in secret, according to the promise made to her mother when on her death-bed, and had written to Count La Roix, informing him of the whereabouts of his daughter. Passing through the Park, on the evening of Cartene's first introduction to the reader, she, by chance, heard the name of Marianne mentioned, and, observing the speaker closely, thought she recognized the features of Doctor Barton. Determined to be satisfied, she followed, and, as has already been seen, discovered the whole plot. Sending for Henry, she had explained to him, in part, how matters stood, which, together with what he had heard himself from the Doctor, determined him to follow her advice. By bribing the servants, they had secreted themselves within the mansion on the evening in which the Doctor had intended to complete his design. Finding the room which Marianne was to occupy, Henry had taken up his position near the door, provided with an axe, in case it should become necessary to force a passage by splitting the door. He had seen Merton enter, but, fearing lest there might be some mistake, had anxiously awaited without, until, hearing Marianne's scream, with one blow of his axe he severed the door, and rushed in just in time to save her. The Doctor, who had also been anxiously awaiting the result of his scheme, hearing

the noise, came to learn the cause, and perceiving how matters stood, enraged, and fearing lest his villainy should be exposed, attempted Henry's life, from which he was prevented, as has been shown, by Mary.

Doctor Barton's wife having been dead several years, his property was divided among his creditors, and in a few days from the foregoing events, the splendid mansion had passed into other hands.

Years had rolled away, and in a retired part of France, living in genteel, though not extravagant splendor, might be seen a gentleman and lady, who, whenever they went abroad, were generally accompanied by an elderly female, acting in the capacity of a servant, though treated as an equal. Had curiosity led you to inquire who they were, you would have received the appropriate, though somewhat singular answer, "the fair foreigners."

They mingled but little in society; occasionally an American called to see them, and was treated with much politeness. If Yankee curiosity led one to inquire of the gentleman "who was his wife previous to his marriage," (and occasionally it did,) his answer invariably was: "When I wooed her, she was the UNKNOWN—when I won her, COUNTESS MARIANNE."

LINES.

Written a number of years ago—supposed to be by an officer long resident in India, on returning to England.

I came, but they had passed away:

The fair in form, the pure in mind;

And, like a stricken deer, I stray,

Where all are strange, and none are kind;

Kind to the worn and weary soul,

That pants, that struggles for repose;

O! that my steps had reached the goal,

Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

Years have passed o'er me like a dream

That leaves no trace on memory's page:

I look around me, and I seem

Some relic of a former age.

Alone, as in a stranger clime,

Where stranger voices mock my ear,

I mark the lagging course of time,

Without a wish, a hope, a fear.

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled,

And I had fears were all too true:

My wishes too—but they are dead,

And what have I with life to do.

'Tis but to wear a weary load,

I may not, dare not cast away:

To sigh for one small, still abode,

Where I may sleep as sweet as they.

As they, the loveliest of their race,

Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;

Whose worth my soul delights to trace;

Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep.

To weep beneath the silent moon,

With none to chide, to hear, to see;

Life can bestow no richer boon

On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave the world that knows me not,

To hold communion with the dead,

And memory consecrates the spot

Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.

I see each shade, all silvery white,

I hear each spirit's melting sigh:

I turn to clasp those forms of light,

And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise—

The lamp of life burns feebly now—

When stranger hands shall close my eyes,

And smooth my cold and dewy brow.

Unknown I lived: so let me die;

No stone, nor monumental cross,

Tell where his nameless ashes lie,

Who sighed for gold, and found it—DROSS.

ESSAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

THE HARMONIES OF THE MORAL WORLD.

NO. III.

BY AUGUSTUS.

We now recur to the moral relations of man, considered with reference to the works of creation by which he is surrounded, and the feelings which a contemplation of these works is calculated to produce; and the most careless observer cannot fail to perceive, that the harmony which should exist between man's moral feelings, and the contemplation of the works and mercy of God, is very far from being realized.

The great works of the Supreme Architect, and his astonishing mercy, are calculated and evidently designed to excite emotions of gratitude, praise and reverence, in the bosoms of intelligent creatures; and men are endowed with a capability which enables them to perceive the relations which exist between them and the manifestations of the wisdom, power and mercy of God, as well as with a class of susceptibilities by which they are enabled to feel corresponding emotions of the moral feelings. Hence, in order to realize the harmony evidently designed, the perception of these relations and manifestations should always be accompanied with proper feelings of gratitude, reverence and love.

But are men excited with emotions of gratitude, when they perceive the wonderful loving kindness of their Heavenly Father in crowding their lives with blessings, and scattering along their pathway the blooming flowers of immortality? When they perceive the beautiful adaptation of means to ends, and the various contrivances which have for their object their comfort and well being, do they spontaneously return the offering of a grateful heart for the blessings bestowed upon them, through the operations of the great system by which their blessings are secured to them? When "dangers stand thick through all the ground," and the fierce destroyer is taking away their fellows one by one, are they thankful that his dart from them is turned aside? In short, does gratitude rise spontaneously on all the occasions which so constantly occur to call it forth? and does the offering of

— "a grateful heart,

That tastes his gifts with joy,"

continually arise to the Great Fountain of all good? Are our hearts wrapt in "wonder, love and praise," when we contemplate the handiwork of the Author of all good? When we look at the "silver eyed" stars, beaming forth in their quiet glory upon the earth,—or the pale moon, careering on in its cloudless course of joy,—or the burning sun, shedding life, and light, and beauty o'er the "world's wide bound,"—or the bright, green earth, itself, teeming with its varied stores, clad in the vestments of spring, blooming in the glory of summer, dressed in the varied garb of sweet and sober autumn, or in the virgin robe of winter;—when we contemplate any, or all of these, do we find emotions of adoration and love possess our hearts for the beautiful world God has given us, and for the glorious adorning with which he has invested it? And when we see how adapted this world is for our dwelling place, how its products supply our varied wants and how much of its real blessings were designed for us to enjoy—when we see in the stars above us, and in the glorious firmament beyond their farthest circle, and in the analogies of nature's teeming realities, that we are ultimately destined to a better and brighter and far more enduring clime than this—do sentiments of adoration and love possess our hearts at the contemplation of the great things our Heavenly Father has done for us, and the prospect he displays before us?

And when we contemplate the moral influences which have been thrown around our being,—the influence of arts and sciences, so calculated to ennoble the human intellect, and the influence of Christianity, so calculated and designed to affect the well being of the immortality which dwelleth in us,—do the feelings of adoration ascend to the Father of spirits? When we view the lamp of life, the concentration of the glory from the spirit land, shedding its "heaven transmitting beams" over the darkness of earth, and causing the brightness of eternity to shine upon the world—revealing so fully, clearly and powerfully, the destiny of man and the glory of God,—does the heart break forth in adoration and praise and rejoice in the light of life? When we view the wondrous interest of the Father of spirits, manifested in behalf of the human race,—in giving his SON to die, the "just for the unjust," bring us into a closer proximity with himself,—do our hearts—that love which such a manifestation of mercy was in-

tended to excite, and do we break forth in praise to the Father of all good?

Alas! how few realize—and show in their lives that realization—the harmony which evidently was designed to exist between man's moral feelings and the Great Author of the moral influences which are thrown around them. How little gratitude is felt for the manifestations of goodness and power; and how little love is realized for the extraordinary manifestations of love. In vain, almost, do these manifestations address themselves to men; in vain do the mercies of God enclose them round; in vain do the moving, melting, accents of love fall upon their ear;—their hearts feel not love, their spirits rejoice not in gratitude, and bow not in reverence.

Let us look, one moment, at the relations that exist, and the duties growing out of that relationship, as exhibited to our view in the FAMILY circle, and ascertain whether the great principles of harmony are there made manifest. The relations and duties in this important circle are many and various; but, nevertheless, they should harmonize with the great object of their existence, and produce such results as from their nature and importance we are authorized to expect. In whatever remarks may be made upon these, as well as upon the SOCIAL, POLITICAL, and RELIGIOUS relations and duties, we intend to be very brief. Knowing that it will be almost impossible to properly speak of all of them, we intend, only, to make such observations as will lead persons of more time, observation and experience, than we possess, to take up the subject and give it that full attention which its importance demands; and which will have a tendency to lead persons, sustaining the relations of which we shall speak, to seek for that harmony which undoubtedly should exist between the relations, duties, and subjects of the various circles in life.

Zanesville, Sept. 9, 1846.

THE DYING MOZART.

WOLFGANG MOZART, the great German composer, died at Vienna, in 1691. There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. "His sweetest song was the last he sung," the "REQUIEM." He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cycnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—MY Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it—I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:—

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!

Thy term of probation is run,

Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife

Or the pleasures of earth with regret—

Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,

No wicked have power to molest;

There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road

For which thou art now on the wing!

Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the wrapt and joyous spirit had left—with the seal of death upon those features.

SKETCH OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Prince Louis Napoleon is the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, being the son of his younger brother, Louis, King of Holland, and Hortense Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine. In 1817, Queen Hortense purchased the estate of Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgau, Switzerland, where she afterwards resided in summer with her son, passing her winters at Rome, and Prince Louis was naturalized as a citizen of that canton. In 1836, he attempted to excite a military insurrection at Strasburg, but was arrested, and was saved from punishment on condition of his emigrating to America. In the following year his mother died, and the Prince returned from the United States to attend her dying bed. After her decease, he took up his residence at Arenenberg, but the jealousy of Louis Philippe would not let him remain there. Being expelled from Switzerland, in consequence of the French Government, he came to England, and resided for some time in London. He was one of the knights at the famous Eglinton tournament. In 1839, he made another insurrectionary attempt at Boulogne, which like the former at Strasburg, proved a failure. Accompanied by General Count Montholon, the faithful sharer of the Emperor's captivity at St. Helena, Prince Louis Napoleon left London, in the summer of the latter year, in a steamer which he had hired for the purpose, having on board five or six hundred men, principally refugee foreigners, and landing at Boulogne, his adherents were at once attacked and dispersed by the authorities, and the Prince himself seized and sent a prisoner to the fortress of Ham, a town in France, whence he managed so cleverly to escape.

EXTRACT.

The laws of our being are such that we must perform some degree of use in the world, whether we intend it or not! but we can deprive ourselves of its indwelling joy, by acting entirely from the love of self. The manufacturer benefits others somewhat by the cloth he makes, and the baker by his bread. But if they seek to enrich themselves only by the use of poor materials, and the payment of prices that oppress their workmen, they take out of the use that divine life, which imparts to the soul perpetual youth and bloom. Money thus acquired never satisfies the possessor; for in the process of making it, he parts with the state of mind which is alone capable of enjoying happiness. The stories of men selling their souls to the devil, for treasures which merely tantalize them, are not mere fables. Thousands of poor rich men feel the truth in their daily experience.

Some may think these theories sound well, and might work admirably if this world were heaven; yet they, too, utter the prayer, "May thy kingdom come on EARTH, as it is in heaven." This wide distance between our practical life and the religion we profess, teaches too plainly to be misunderstood, that men really do NOT believe that it would be wise or safe to practice the Maxims of Christ in a world like this. I remember a wealthy family, who scrupulously observed all the outward forms of christianity, and inculcated the utmost reverence for its precepts. The children were trained to attend church regularly, and read the bible every morning. But when one of the sons took it into his head that the teachings of the New Testament were to be applied to daily life, and public affairs, they were in the utmost consternation at the ungenuity of his views, and the oddity of his proceedings.

[MRS. CHILD.]

COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.

The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his grace rode up whilst the balls were firing around, and, observing an artillery man particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, 'TAYLOR.' 'A very good name too,' remarked Wellington, 'cheer up my men, our TAYLOR will soon make a PAIR OF BREECHES—in the wall!' At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

Slander cannot make the subject of it either better or worse; it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

Geographical.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

BY C. EMERSON.

The first part of the first number, as printed, has several errors—owing probably to the imperfection of the manuscript. Under a special engagement to have it sent at a particular time, it was prepared (though the thoughts were not new to myself) under peculiar disadvantages. I wish, therefore, to re-cast, and insert in this number, a portion of that, as well for the sake of correction, as for a suitable introduction to further observations on the adaptation of Northern America for a great Federal Union.

Our Western Continent is very unlike the Eastern; and its two great divisions are as diverse from each, as each and both from the grand divisions of the Ancient World.

America, south of the Tropic of Cancer, is magnificent in its mountains, its rivers, its pampas, its mines; remarkable, in many portions, for great fertility—in some, for salubrity.

The Great Table land of Mexico Proper, with its appendages, is unique. Situate in the Torrid Zone, it has every variety of temperature, with all diversities of soil and production; its mineral wealth has no parallel on earth.

AMERICA NORTH OF THE TROPICS, compared with the Great South, has less of sublimity—less attraction for its silver and gold; but is far superior in adaptation for a numerous, happy and UNITED population. With its actual and probable means and facilities of intercommunication, and its almost total seclusion, it is calculated—perhaps destined—for the establishment of a great Federal Republic—powerful and prosperous beyond example in history.

Let us glance at its magnificent systems of valleys and rivers and lakes;—the Grand Central Valley of North America, in its broad expanse from the sea of Mexico to the Frozen Ocean, with its great eastern adjunct; drained, to the south, by the Mississippi and its far spreading branches and kindred streams—to the north, by the Saskatchewan, the Mackenzie, the Mississippian, and the Thlew-ee-choh—to the east, by the St. Lawrence, the outlet of our great Inland Seas:—The Atlantic slope, every where indented with navigable watercourses, and being intersected with railroads, overpassing the Alleghanies:—and lastly, the Pacific slope, watered by Frazer's River, the Columbia and the Colorado of California.—The Rocky Mountain chain, separating the Pacific slope from the great Central Valley, has many practicable passes—some of great facility.

In treating, hereafter, of North America, as the Grand Theatre for the display of American enterprise, expansion and improvement, we may leave out of view its Northwestern Angle, claimed by Russia, as appendant rather to Asia; and its Southwestern, as appertaining to a Mexican System.

Let us now suppose the extension of American settlements over North America (thus defined)—and the Federal Government located on the Upper Mississippi; let us then canvass the means of communication, possible and probable, between this grand centre and the various districts constituting such union; touching, incidentally, on other capabilities.

Of the leading thoroughfares by the Mississippi and by the Lakes, and the multitudinous diverging and connecting avenues that will soon be in operation, we need not now to speak. Railroads will be extended and perfected with the progress of settlement and cultivation. Travel and trade between the Upper Mississippi and the Atlantic regions will become a common-place concern.

The Western portion of the Mississippi Valley, so far as surface and levels are concerned, is eminently calculated for Railroads; and it is hoped there will be found sufficiency of fuel.—Will it be peopled?—The regions of Texas, Red River and Arkansas, have abundance of first-rate land—and ere long will, probably, have many settlers. But they will be under the paralyzing influences of slavery. And Missouri, too, with her splendid portion of fruitful territory, has imposed this clog upon herself. This self-infliction, however, by the Southwestern portion of the great valley, together with the pertinacious adherence of the old "South" to slaveholding, has signally promoted the growth of the new States "North-west of Ohio," whose progress has astonished the world. Had Western Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the regions of Arkansas been free, young Ohio might not now be THIRD, and rapidly becoming SECOND in magnitude, among the stars of the Federal Union.—The emigrating swarms of youthful laborers, from our Northeastern Hives, are not only bearing

down still upon the New States, bordering on the Ohio River, but are pouring in upon Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa. The state of things, just alluded to, in the Southern portions of the Great Valley, has effectively tended to conserve and concentrate Northern labor in the less luxuriant, but more invigorating and still fertile regions of our New North. Wisconsin and Iowa promise soon to become vigorous and effective Northern offshoots. Michigan improves rapidly.—Will the Progress halt within the limits just indicated? I think not. There is abundant room—and, I believe, by no means ineligible, for Northerners—to form several new and (I suppose) thriving States on the head-waters in the upper regions of the Mississippi and the Missouri. It is true they have winters there; and yet,—judging by the past history of man—the more wintry and less luxuriant realms may be expected to prove far more productive of MEN—real men—than the "sunny" regions.

The "dividing lands," which include the head-waters of the Southern and Northern rivers of the Great Central Valley, have, I think, excited less attention than they deserve. A very intelligent gentleman of my acquaintance, a Geologist, who has travelled there, speaks of them in terms of strong commendation. It should be noted that the head streams of the Mississippi—the Northern branches of the Missouri, and the interlocking branches of the Northern streams that run into Lake Winnipeg,—do not, as once supposed, rise in any great mountain tracts—but in a vast Plateau, or undulating plain, of very considerable width, and extending some seven or eight hundred miles between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. Much of this is understood to be a region of alternating prairie and woodland, well watered and having good proportions of fertile soil. This is a singular and extremely interesting feature in our Great Central Valley. The elevation of the dividing height, above the Ocean, is estimated by Schoolcraft at 1360 feet. Should railroads ever become desirable in that quarter, the surface, we may suppose, would be extremely favorable.

It was amusing to read, some time ago, the remarks, at a public meeting, of Mr. Barclay, British Consul at New York, intended to show that the Oregon Territory was not worth contention. He had been on the track from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg—which he found desperately rocky and barren—and this he seems inclined to take as a veritable sample of all Westward to the Pacific, and for a long distance on that coast and back to the Rocky Mountains. This may remind one of an Indian's test of the softness of feathers—by putting a single feather between his head and a rock, and declaring—as the story runs—that if ONE was so hard, he could not tell how hard A GREAT MANY might be. I may revert to these regions hereafter, but would observe just now, that facilities for water communication seem to abound in the Northern slope of the Great Valley, so far, at least, as any probable extension of settlement or culture is likely to require.

The Domains of that most singular Sovereignty, the Hudson's Bay Company, with enough of territory (could it be cultivated) to constitute one of the largest of empires, are worthy a separate sketch. I shall now advert to that portion lying North of the head streams of the Mississippi and Missouri. It is the continuation of the great Plain or Plateau of those head streams, some 500 miles in diameter, and watered principally by the Saskatchewan and other streams flowing into Lake Winnipeg. "It is traversed (says Murray) by streams of long course, which roll sluggishly over its flat surface; and their banks, for a considerable space, being frequently overflowed, are alluvial, covered with rich herbage and capable of high cultivation. At a distance from the water the soil becomes thin and sterile, and timber extremely scarce." "The country, however, will doubtless one day support a numerous population." [BRITISH AMERICA.] "The country west and southwest of Lake Winnipeg consists of an extensive plain, in many places fertile. Large rivers flow through it, the two Saskatchewan, the Assiniboins, and the Red River, which rises in nearly the same quarter as the Mississippi." "IN A FERTILE TERRITORY, WITH A FINE CLIMATE, along the Red River, Lord Selkirk [in 1812] formed settlements to which he gave the names of Pambira and Fort Douglas. He purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company a tract of 116,000 acres, and transported thither a colony of various nations, chiefly Dutch and German. THE SOIL HAS BEEN FOUND VERY PRODUCTIVE; but the great distance from a market, being 2300 miles from New Orleans and 1900 from Buffalo, must long prevent it from rising to great importance. Moreover, in consequence of the boundary line with

the United States, half of it has been included within their territory." [GEOG. V. 3, p. 340.] It is a very significant circumstance, that a sort of caravan, or company of waggons, has lately come over from this settlement to the Mississippi, in order to purchase some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars worth of goods at St. Louis.

It would be interesting to know whether the "half" of the Selkirk Colony within our limits has been vacated, or whether the settlers thereof hold on, under the far-reaching Hudson's Bay Company.

The Red River (of Lake Winnipeg) runs some two hundred miles in our territory, and its basin is said to contain much good land. The lands, between the regions drained by Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, are thus characterized by Murray:—"It is a watery and swampy region; yet it contains many fertile spots, under a climate which by no means precludes luxuriant vegetation; so that when Canada is fully colonized, it is very probable that the range of settlements may be extended to this district."

But the capabilities for cultivation extend yet farther North. Captain Franklin says:—"Carlton House—[54 deg. 50 min. 47 sec. N. Lat.]—is pleasantly situated. The land is fertile, and produces, with little trouble, ample returns of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes."

For many years it was supposed, from Indian information, that four great rivers, running somewhat with the cardinal points, diverged from a central mountain tract—which tract must, THEREFORE, be the highest point of North America,—and two of these were supposed to be the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Now we know the latter supposition to be incorrect, and it may further be noted, that the particular headings of great streams are not always (if even ordinarily) in the most elevated regions. But the Indian Geography was substantially correct. Four such rivers there are—and, the four largest too—provided we would rightly designate what now we call the St. Lawrence, which, in truth, is not so much a river, as a connection between a grand chain of inland seas, and a magnificent ocean inlet. And if we would accept a somewhat elongated mountain tract as the region of such distinguished headings, we might add other large streams, as from a common origin. The four capital streams are the MISSOURI, whose waters roll Southerly to the Gulf of Mexico—making the longest inclined plane on earth. Its head branches interlock with those of the COLUMBIA, flowing Westerly to the Pacific; its Northern streams with the SASKATCHAWAN, which runs Easterly to Hudson's Bay; and the last two, with those of the Great MACKENZIE, flowing Northward to the Arctic Ocean. As subordinate streams, we might name FRAZER'S RIVER, to the Northwest—the CALIFORNIA COLORADO, to the Southwest—RIO BRAVO, South.

Viewed IN REVERSE—as channels of water communication—and in connection with our magnificent systems of Maritime Gulfs, Bays and Inlets, and our Inland Seas—all tending from the circumference to a common centre—we have a TOUT ENSEMBLE, altogether without a parallel.

The Thlew-ee-choh, in the Northwest, seems to be in a region of hopeless sterility. How far the Mississippian and Mackenzie may become available for business purposes may be doubtful; but there are wooded and habitable regions on both; wintry indeed—but,

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid Zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease."—GOLDSMITH.

In lately reviewing Franklin's memoranda of these Arctic realms, I was struck with the coincidence between them and those of Pike on the far off Southern region of the Rio del Norte. But the Journal of Mackenzie, in Latitude 56 deg. N.—in the skirts of the Rocky Mountains—shows an astonishing contrast. Mackenzie wintered on the head waters of Peace, a branch of Mackenzie River, in 1792-3, preparatory to his exploring trip to the Pacific. I will give a few abstracts from his Journals.

"MACKENZIE—PEACE RIVER, N. Latitude 56 deg. Dec. 16, 1792.—One branch of the river frozen over—the other branch did not close with ice till Dec. 22nd.

"Jan. 28th, 1793.—Indians making snow shoes—not snow enough, hitherto, to need them.

"Hard frost prevailed from the beginning of February to the 16th of March, when the wind blowing from the Southwest, the weather became mild.

"April 1st.—The hunters shot 5 geese. This was a much earlier period than I remember the visits of the wild fowl these parts. The weather had been mild for a fortnight, there was a promise of its continuance.

"April 5th.—The snow has entirely disappeared.

"April 20th.—Visited by our summer companions, gnats and mosquitoes. Some trees budding—many plants in blossom.

"April 25th.—The river cleared of ice."

[The winter of 1793, was uncommonly mild.]

"PIKE—RIO DEL NORTE, &c.—N. Lat. 38 deg. down to 32 deg. Oct. 29, 1806.—Snow fell about 2 inches. Forded river—ice running very thick. Dec. 1.—Snow 1 foot deep. Dec. 2d.—Thermometer 17 deg. below zero, (Reaumur.) Forded river—ice running very bad—2 men had their feet frozen before they could get a fire. Dec. 13th.—Fell on a river 40 yards wide, FROZEN OVER. [THUS FAR WAS ON THE HEADS OF ARKANSAS.] Jan. 17, 1807.—The feet of 9 men frozen. 21st.—Found snow 4 or 5 feet deep. 24th.—Snow so deep, could not cross a mountain. 27th.—Crossed mountain after a bad day's march, through snow in some places 3 feet deep. Feb. 27.—Intensely cold—obliged to stop frequently to make fires. Snow deep. March 5.—Snowing very bad. March 6.—On Rio del Norte, below Santa Fe—snow one foot deep. 17th.—Vegetation beginning. 20th.—[Say, Lat. 33 deg.]—Weeds and grass quite high."

THE PACIFIC SLOPE of North America, from 25 to 55 deg. North Latitude, has, doubtless, many and great capabilities for civilized culture, from which, hitherto, it has remained almost wholly intact. To the South there are a few DOTS of Spanish occupation; but NOW, there is a strong current of Yankee emigration sweeping onward to the Great Pacific.

It is not long since a British Quarterly, of high repute, represented the Rocky Mountain Barrier as impervious to emigration. By this time it may be better advised. The late fortunate settlement of the Oregon controversy—the establishment of our now unquestioned jurisdiction to Lat. 49 deg. N.—and the probable acquisition of California—the PROJECTS of railroad connection from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the extension thither of our civil jurisdiction—and the protection and aid of our Government to our emigrating fellow citizens—may tend greatly to accelerate this accumulating process.

The Rocky Mountain Range, though reckoned as the spine of North America,—as it is, in fact, the dividing height, (separating the streams of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific,) is by no means the greatest obstacle to emigration to the FAR AND FARTHERMOST GREAT WEST. The Great South Pass—lying parallel to the Southern portions of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan—is a most wonderful gate. Through this, from the valley of the Kansas or of the Platte, a road may be constructed, to the waters of the Colorado of California, with scarce a single acclivity not practicable for a heavy laden vehicle impelled by ordinary power. This, at present, is the grand thoroughfare. There seems no good reason to doubt that other passes, North and South, might be found, or made, without any very great expenditure.

There are other mountain barriers, towards the Pacific, more difficult than the Rocky. The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range—not extremely distant from the Pacific—(though there is another, but lower Range between)—is so represented by Fremont. It extends, unbroken, from the Columbia River, till it approaches the Gulf of California.

Let us now contemplate a very extensive district between the Pacific, on one hand, and the Mississippi, Red River (North) and Lake Winnipeg. Somewhat central to this, and including the Rocky Mountain Range, are the so called AMERICAN DESERTS. The word DESERT, like many other important terms, is of equivocal import. Strictly speaking, it may apply to the LACK of culture, rather than to INCAPACITY for it. The Americans use it, generally, I suppose, in the sense not merely of uncultured, but UNCULTIVABLE. Within the scope I have indicated, the aggregate of impracticable districts is, doubtless, great; but vastly less (proportionably) I apprehend than might be indicated within the genial climes, North of the tropics, on the Eastern Hemisphere. Let us traverse, in imagination, a course from the mouth of the Senegal, Lat. 16 deg. N. in West Africa, through the centre of Sahara, and onward, above the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf—through Persia, the lower Indus, and the Punjab, and through the great Desert of Cobi—say to the intersection of longitude 100 deg. E., with Lat. 40 deg. N.—Sahara, the great African Desert, is estimated to contain 1,800,000 square miles—Cobi, the great Central Desert of Asia, about 850,000 square miles. The central portions of the course indicated, intersect the primitive seats of Man—the scenes of early culture and civilized advancement—Persia, Babylon, Syria, and Egypt. But, in fact, the fertile and more populous districts were, comparatively, mere STRIPES, (to use a phrase of Malte

Brun.) What was Egypt—the wonder and the granary of the world? A STRIPE along the Nile—say 600 miles long, by 12 to 25 broad—some 17,000 square miles—something more than the State of Maryland. Had the vast American tracts, referred to, including the Rocky Mountains and the broad belts adjacent, been accessible to the teeming multitudes of the old world, having the use of the CAMEL—(is it not strange we have never obtained that most useful animal?)—millions of people might have lived in these "Deserts." Within the present and probable scope of our American race, there are, doubtless, many difficult and uninviting portions of territory. But these may be found improvable, far beyond our present conception. What myriads of Arabs have been sustained in regions by others deemed wholly undesirable! They have lived and multiplied almost without the aid of scientific industry. Who can calculate the extent to which the improvement of the arts of subsistence may be extended in our less inviting territories? When means of transport and travel shall have been perfected, the passion for Pastoral life may be revived, and the immense prairie and the comparatively sterile regions may come in useful requisition. The fertile lands may be more exclusively devoted to the plough and the spade—and the herdsman and the cultivator may have large and speedy exchanges, to their mutual accommodation.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & CO.'S, 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

AGENCY OF THE CASKET, in Lawrenceburgh, Ind., at the office of the Register.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARMONIES OF THE MORAL WORLD—No. IV—Has been received, and will probably appear next week.

TO HER OF THE BONNIE BLUE EEN—Is really beautiful, particularly, the first two stanzas—the last we do not like so well. We must be assured of its ORIGINALITY, by having the REAL name of the writer. Our rule is, never to publish any thing that comes to us anonymous. If writers wish their names withheld, by mentioning that fact in a private note their wishes shall be complied with.

LABOR.

Whether the Supreme Being, who created man and placed him in the garden of Eden, originally designed that he should "gain his bread by the sweat of his brow," or whether he was first designed for indolence and ease, is not for us to say. The only authority on this subject is the Bible, from which we learn, at least, the stern decree that—having disobeyed God's injunctions—henceforth man must labor to sustain his animal existence: and this decree seems to be more applicable to man, than to anything lower in the scale of being; for with no other creature of the animal kingdom is it so essential to enjoyment. Whether man was originally intended for labor or not, certain it is, that his present formation, constitution, &c., require a certain amount for his own happiness: consequently, labor bears with it its own reward—indolence its own punishment; and hence we will make bold to assert, that, WITHOUT LABOR, NO HUMAN BEING WILL BE CONTENT.

This, to some, will doubtless, seem a bold assertion,—perhaps a false one,—but close observation and practical experience will prove it true.

Without fully investigating the laws which govern the human system, without laying bare the secret springs which keep us in motion, without defining in technical or other terms the CAUSE why labor is so beneficial, we will leap at once to the RESULT that proves it so. Perhaps, if we should investigate closely, we should find that the system requires such an amount of ACTIVE power, to throw off the surplus, engendered by our daily nourishment, and to give it a free, healthy tone, necessary to enjoyment; whereas, without this, it might become clogged,—if we may so express it,—thereby making us stupid and dull. But the most essential bearing of labor on enjoyment, in our opinion, is, the occupation of the mind with that exercise which is just sufficient to give it a clearness of conception. The mind and the body in some measure act

together, are governed and regulated by each other, and both require ACCORDANT ACTION. When the body and the mind are both active upon one and the same thing, enjoyment is, if we may so term it, in the full: and hence the importance and value of labor, which brings the physical and mental to bear on the same point. With the brute it is different, because that has no MIND, and consequently, requires no labor for the concentration of it.

Our ideas on this subject may not be expressed in a very lucid manner, but enough will be gleaned, with a common sense view of the matter, to show the necessity of labor, not only as a means of support, but also of enjoyment. Nature, herself, makes a most decided difference between the laborer and the non-laborer. To one she gives a strong, healthy constitution, a powerful frame, with the look of manhood; to the other, a weak constitution, and a sickly, effeminate appearance.

If you wish to find happiness and contentment, go not among the pampered sons of luxury and indolence, the victims of satiety, whose lives have been wasted in riot and dissipation, in doing nothing for the benefit of themselves or their fellows! Go not among these! You will find no enjoyment, no contentment there; they are too indolent for the former, and are too much cursed with a restless longing after something, they know not what, for the latter. No! to find happiness and contentment, you must seek it among the children of toil, the laboring class of the community, whose constitutions bear the marks of an active, vigorous life! These are the ones who are happy; these are the ones who retire to their pillows with a satisfied conscience, whose rest is sweet, whose dreams are bright and joyous!

If, then, labor is so much in requisition for the means of support, and the enjoyment of life, why is it looked down upon by a certain class of would-be aristocrats, as a something beneath their DIGNITY? And what is that DIGNITY to which they pretend? the dignity of fops and fools—the dignity of drones,—the blood-suckers of society! Dignity, pshaw!—There is more in one honest, upright, laboring citizen, than in a whole class of these scented butterflies!

We do not wish to be understood, by the term laboring class, to refer to those, only, who do the most laborious work; but would include ALL, who have employment.

Every person that is usefully employed, labors; and as there is an almost endless variety of things required to make life agreeable, so there is an almost endless variety of employments. It is the duty of every person, in whatever station, to do SOMETHING, to have some employment, by which to benefit, not only himself, but his fellow beings around him; and to us it is a matter of serious regret, that we ever hear a person of either sex boasting that they never labored, that they do not know how to work. Perhaps they think it gives them dignity, to say their life has been all indolence; but for our own part, we would just as soon think of boasting of being uneducated and ignorant, as of being bred in idleness.

There is something wrong in community, when the voice of a sickly, sentimental fashion of idleness predominates over energy and usefulness; and the sooner it is eradicated, the sooner will health and happiness prevail. Let every one, who has the interest of society at heart, but take a decided stand in favor of labor and the laboring class, and, ere long, shall dawn a glorious era, brighter and happier than aught yet beheld in the annals of mankind!

WRECK OF THE NEW YORK.

The steamship New York was wrecked on the 6th inst., about fifty miles eastward of Galveston, which place she left on the day previous. It is reported that eighteen persons lost their lives,—names as follows:

PASSENGERS LOST.—Mrs. Wilson and two children; Miss Follett; three children of Mrs. Follett; A. H. McCormack; Wm. Armstrong; one cabin passenger, name unknown; two deck do.

CREW LOST.—Jas. Wilson, 2d steward; P. Marsh second engineer; Charles Watson, seaman; J. Grogan, Wm. McKee, firemen; one seaman, name unknown.

The remainder of passengers and crew, amounting to thirty-one in all, were saved.

STORM ON THE COAST.

There has been a terrible storm on the coast, and it is apprehended that there has been much shipwreck and loss of life. It is asserted that no vessel out, at the time of the gale, has escaped without serious injury.

Thrilling Narrative.

STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

I am now about entering into a personal narrative of one of the most sanguinary and awful engagements on the records of any country. For the second time in my life I volunteered on the forlorn hope. After having had a double allowance of grog, we fell in about eight o'clock in the evening. The stormers were composed of men from the regiments of the light division. I happened to be on the right of the front section, when my old Captain, Major O'Hare, who commanded the wing to which my company belonged, came up in company with Captain Jones, of the 52nd Regiment, both in command of the storming party. A pair of uglier men never walked together, but a brace of better soldiers never stood before the muzzle of a Frenchman's gun.

"Well, O'Hare," said the Captain, "what do you think of to-night's work?"

"I don't know," replied the Major, who seemed, I thought, in rather low spirits. "To-night, I think will be my last."

"Tut, tut, man! I have the same sort of feeling, but I keep it down with a drop of the CRATUR," answered the Captain, as he handed his calabash to the Major.

A countryman of my own, Sergeant Flemming, then coming up, informed Major O'Hare that a ladder party was wanted. "Take the rank files of the leading sections," was the prompt order of the Major. No sooner said than done, I and my front-rank men were immediately tapped on the shoulder for the ladder-party. I now gave up all hope of ever returning. At Rodrigo, as before stated, we had fatigue-parties for the ladders, but now the case was altered; besides which the ladders were much longer than those employed at Rodrigo.

I may just mention that, whatever were my own forebodings on the occasion, the presentiments of our fine old Major O'Hare and those of Captain Jones were fatally realized, for in less than twenty minutes after the above conversation, both fell riddled with balls.

The word was now given to the ladder-party to move forward. We were accompanied by two men at each side with hatchets, to cut down any obstacle that might oppose them, such as CHEVAUX DE FRISE. There were six of us supporting the ladder to which I belonged, and I contrived to carry my grass-bag before me. We had not proceeded far when we heard the sound of voices on our right, upon which we halted, and supposing they might be enemies, I disengaged myself from the ladder, and, cocking my rifle, prepared for action. We soon discovered our mistake, as one of my party cried—"Take care! 'Tis the stormers of the 4th division coming to join us." This proved to be the case. This brief alarm over, we continued advancing towards the walls, the Rifles as before keeping in front. We had to pass a fort on our left, near to the town, and as we neared it the French sentry challenged. This was instantly followed by a shot from the fort and another from the walls of the town. A moment afterwards, a fire-ball was thrown out which threw a bright-red glare of light around us; and instantly a fire of grape-shot, canister, and small arms poured in among us, at a distance of about thirty yards from the walls, as we stood on the glacis.

Three of the men carrying the ladder with me were shot dead in a breath, and, the weight of the ladder falling upon me, I fell down with the grass-bag on my breast. The remainder of the stormers rushed up, regardless of my cries or those of the wounded men around me, for by this time our men were falling fast. Many in passing were shot and fell upon me, so that I was actually drenched in blood. The weight I had to sustain became intolerable, and had it not been for the grass-bag, which in some measure protected me, I must have been suffocated. At length, by a strong effort, I managed to extricate myself; in doing which I left my rifle behind me, and, drawing my sword, rushed towards the breach. There I found four men putting a ladder down the ditch; and, not daring to pause, fresh lights being still thrown out of the town, with a continual discharge of musketry, I slid quickly down the ladder, but before I could recover myself, was knocked down and covered by the dead bodies of men who were shot in attempting the descent. Again I succeeded in extricating myself from underneath the bodies, and rushing forward to the right, to my surprise and fear I found myself nearly up to my head in water. Until then I was tolerably composed, but now all reflection left me, and driving through the water, being a good swimmer, I attempted to make to the breach. In doing this I lost my sword. Without rifle, sword, or any weapon, I succeeded in clambering up part of the

breach, and came near to a CHEVAUX DE FRISE, consisting of a piece of heavy timber studded with sword-blades, turning on an axis; but just before reaching it I was struck on the breast, whether by a grenade, a stone, or by the butt-end of a musket, I cannot say, but down I rolled and lay senseless, how long I know not, but drenched with both water and human gore.

When my senses in some measure returned, I perceived our gallant fellows still rushing forward, each seeming to share a fate more deadly than my own. The fire continued in one horrible and incessant peal, as if the mouth of the infernal regions had opened to vomit forth destruction upon mankind. This was rendered still more appalling by the fearful shouts of the combatants and the cries of the wounded that mingled in the uproar.

I now, strange to say, began to feel if my arms and legs were entire; for at such moments a man, I believe, is not always aware of his wounds. I now, indeed, lost all the frenzy of the courage that had first possessed me, and actually seemed all weakness and prostration of spirit, while I endeavored to screen myself from the enemy's shot among the dead bodies around me. As I lay in this position, the fire still continued blazing over me in all its horrors, accompanied by screams, groans, and shouts, and the crashing of stones and falling of timbers. I now, for the first time for many years, uttered something like a prayer.

After the horrid and well-known scene of carnage had lasted some time, the fire gradually slackened from the breach, and I heard a cheering which I knew to proceed from within the town, and shortly afterwards a cry of "Blood and 'ounds! where's the Light Division?—the town's our own,—hurrah!" This proceeded, no doubt, from some of the third division. I now attempted to rise, but found myself unable to stand from a wound which I had received, but at what time I know not. A musket-ball had passed through the lower part of my right leg—two others had passed through my cap. At the moment of this discovery I saw two or three men moving towards me, who I was glad to find belonged to the Rifles. One of them, named O'Brien, of the same company as myself, immediately exclaimed—"What! is that you, Ned?—we thought you ladder-men all done for." He then assisted me to rise.

In consequence of the CHEVAUX DE FRISE still remaining above the breach, we could not enter the town until more men arrived to remove its fastenings. The third division meanwhile had entered the town on our right, by the castle where there was no breach. We proceeded onwards, I moving with great difficulty, though partly supported by O'Brien. At the top of the breach we found another trench with a plank of wood going across leading into the town. Not until then I felt drops of blood trickling down my face, and found that one of the balls, in passing through my cap, had torn the skin on my head.

In this crippled state, leaning upon my comrade, and using his rifle as a crutch, accompanied by a few of our riflemen, I entered the town that had been so gloriously won. We still heard occasional firing and cheering from the one end of the town, and imagined the fight was still partially raging, although, as we soon afterwards learnt, the chief part of the French had retired to the citadel, or fort, where they surrendered on the following morning. Angry and irritated, from the pain occasioned by my wound, we had just turned the corner of a street, when we observed some men, and, from the light that shone from a window opposite, we could see from their uniforms they were evidently Frenchmen. At the same moment they saw us and disappeared, with the exception of one man, who seemed to make a rush at us with his musket. O'Brien sprang forward and wrested his firelock from his grasp. A feeling of revenge, prompted by the suffering I endured from my wounds, actuated my feelings as I exclaimed, "O'Brien, let me have the pleasure of shooting this rascal, for he may be the man who has brought me to the state I am now in!" I then presented my rifle close to his breast, with the full intention of shooting him through the body, but as my finger was about to press the trigger he fell upon his knees and implored mercy. The next moment the rifle dropped from my hand, and I felt a degree of shame that a feeling of irritation had nearly betrayed me into the commission of a crime for which I should never have forgiven myself.

The Frenchman, as soon as he perceived me desist, immediately started from his knees, on which he had fallen trembling, and, by way of showing his gratitude, threw his arms round my neck, and wanted to kiss my cheek. He instantly followed me, and I forthwith, for the time, took him under my protection.

We looked anxiously round for a house where we could ob-

tain refreshment, and, if truth must be told, a little money at the same time. Even wounded as I was, I had made up my mind to be a gainer by our victory. The first house we knocked at, no notice was taken of the summons, when we fired a rifle at the key-hole, which sent the door flying open. This, indeed, was our usual method of forcing locks. As soon as we entered the house, we found a young Spanish woman crying bitterly, who prayed for mercy. She informed us she was the wife of a Frenchman; and, to the demand of my companion, O'Brien, for refreshment, she replied there was nothing but her poor self in the house. She, however, produced some spirits and chocolate, of the latter of which, being very hungry and faint, I partook with much relish.

As the house looked poor we soon quitted it on our quest for a better. Supported by O'Brien and the Frenchman, we proceeded in the direction of the market-place. It was a dark night, and the confusion and uproar that prevailed in the town may be better imagined than described. The shouts and oaths of drunken soldiers in quest of more liquor, the reports of fire-arms and crashing in of doors, together with the appalling shrieks of hapless women, might have induced any one to have believed himself in the regions of the damned.

When we arrived at the market-place, we found a number of Spanish prisoners rushing out of a gaol: they appeared like a set of savages suddenly set free, many still bearing chains they had not had time to free themselves from, and among these were men of the 5th and 88th Regiments holding lighted candles. We then turned down a street opposite to the foregoing scene, and entered a house which was occupied by a number of men of the 3rd Division. One of them, immediately on seeing me wounded, struck off the neck of a bottle of wine with his bayonet, and presented some of it to me, which relieved me for a time from the faintness I had previously felt. The scenes of wickedness that soldiers are guilty of, on capturing a besieged town, are, oftentimes, truly diabolical, and I now, in the reflections this subject gives rise to, shudder at the past. I had not long been seated at the fire which was blazing up the chimney, fed by mahogany chairs that had been broken up for the purpose, when I heard screams for mercy from an adjoining room. On hobbling in, I found an old man, the proprietor of the house, on his knees, imploring mercy of a soldier who had levelled his musket at him. I with difficulty prevented the soldier from shooting him, as he complained that the Spaniard would not give up his money. I immediately informed the wretched landlord in Spanish, which I spoke tolerably well, that he could only save his life by surrendering his cash. Upon this he brought out with trembling hands a large bag of dollars from under the mattress of the bed. These, by common consent, were immediately divided among the men present; and I must confess that I participated in the plunder, getting sixteen dollars for my share.

After this I resumed my seat by the fire, when a number of Portuguese soldiers entered, one of whom, taking me for a Frenchman, for I had the French soldier's jacket on, my own being wet, snatched his piece at me, which luckily hung fire. I instantly rushed at him as well as I was able, when a scuffle ensued, and one of the Portuguese being stabbed by a bayonet, they retired, dragging the wounded man with them. After ejecting the Portuguese, our men, who had by this time got tolerably drunk, proceeded to ransack the house. Unhappily they discovered the two daughters of the old man of the house, who had concealed themselves up stairs. They were both young and pretty. The mother, too, was shortly afterwards dragged from her hiding-place. I refrain from describing the scene which followed.

Without dwelling on the frightful details, it may be sufficient to add that our men, more infuriated by drink than before, seized on the old man and insisted on a fresh supply of liquor. His protestations that he possessed no more were in vain, as were my attempts to restrain them from ill-using him.

It is to be lamented that the memory of an old soldier should be disturbed by such painful reflections as the foregoing scenes must give rise to; but it is to be considered that the men who besiege a town in the face of such dangers generally become desperate from their own privations and sufferings; and when once they get a footing within its walls—flushed by victory, hurried on by the desire of liquor, and maddened by drink—they stop at nothing: they are literally mad, and are hardly conscious of what they do in such a state of excitement. I do not state this in justification: I only remark what I have observed human nature to be on these occasions.

Sick of the scene of horrors that had been enacted, attended by my French prisoner, I left the house for one on the other side of the street. This we found occupied by men of the 3rd

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Division, who were drinking chocolate, not made with water, but wine. They seemed rather more sober and peaceable than those we had just left: but, here, also, as in most of the houses in Badajoz that night, the greatest outrages were committed.

Having passed a wretched night, the next morning, being determined to rejoin my regiment, if there were any left of them—for at this time I did not know what number we had lost—I left the house, accompanied by my Frenchman, who rendered me every assistance in his power. It appeared to me that the town was still in great confusion and uproar, although every available means had been taken to suppress it. In one of the streets I saw the Duke of Wellington giving directions about the erection of a gallows for the punishment of the guilty; but it seemed only a mockery to them. Even then his Grace was surrounded by a number of British soldiers, who, holding up bottles with the heads knocked off, containing wine and spirits, cried out to him, using a phrase then familiarly applied to him by the men of the Army, "—, old boy! will you drink? The town's our own—hurrah!" I am not aware that a single execution took place, notwithstanding the known severity of the Duke in matters of plunder and outrage. I feel bound to say, that a prejudice existed on the part of our men against the inhabitants of Badajoz, owing to their having submitted so tamely to the French. It was different at Ciudad Rodrigo, where the Spaniards had defended themselves gallantly.

On my way to join the camp, feeling fatigued, I sat down with my prisoner on a bench, opposite the bridge which leads to Fort St. Christoval. We had not been long seated, when I was amused by a large baboon, which was surrounded by a number of soldiers, who were tormenting him. The poor animal had been wounded in the foot, probably by one of our men, and by his chattering, grinning, and droll gesticulations, he showed as much aversion to the red coats as any of the French could possibly have done. While the men about were teasing the animal, a servant, stating that it belonged to the Colonel of the 4th Regiment, who, he said, was wounded, attempted to take the beast away. whereupon, the party being divided in their sentiments, a scuffle ensued, in which several men were wounded with bayonets.

As we got up to proceed, we saw a number of Frenchmen, guarded by our soldiers, coming over the bridge. They were the prisoners taken at Fort St. Christoval, that had that morning surrendered. These prisoners were soon surrounded by our men, who began examining their knapsacks, whence a number of watches, dollars, &c., were soon extracted. A short distance farther on I came up with a mule tied to a door, which, in my crippled state, I immediately appropriated to my use, and which I afterwards sold to Lieut. Jackson, of the 83d Regiment. Mounted on the animal, which was led by the Frenchman, we pursued our way until we arrived near the gates that led to the camp, when rather an affecting scene came under my eye. It was a little fellow, a drummer boy belonging to the 83th Regiment, who was lying wounded, his leg being broken by a shot, and crying bitterly. On telling him I would get him carried by the Frenchman, if he wished, "Oh, no!—oh, no!" he replied, "I don't care for myself. Look at my poor father, where he lies!" pointing to a man shot through the head, lying weltering in a gore of blood. Poor little fellow! I gave him a few dollars, and called some men to his assistance, when I was compelled to leave him. We soon arrived at the camp-ground of the 3d Division. When I dismounted, and while sitting on one of the men's knapsacks, one of the 83d Regiment was engaged in cleaning his firelock, when the piece went off and shot a corporal through the head, wounding also the hand of another man. The Frenchman seemed dreadfully frightened: he turned pale as marble, perhaps thinking the shot aimed at him, as the corporal fell dead beside him. This accident struck me as a forcible example of the casualties that attend a soldier's life. I could not, indeed, help feeling for the poor corporal, who, after surviving the dangers of the preceding night, had lost his life by a clumsy hand cleaning a firelock.

It may appear strange that I did not wish to remain in Badajoz, but I was suffering from my wounds, and preferred the quiet of the camp. I had no sooner arrived there, than I was obliged to part with my faithful Frenchman, who, I believe, was sent to join the other prisoners. I gave him a few dollars, which, most likely, he was deprived of before he got many yards. He left me with many expressions of gratitude for the protection I had afforded him. A few days afterwards I was sent into the hospital in Badajoz, where I continued under medical treatment until sufficiently recovered to rejoin the army, which I did near Ciudad Rodrigo.

I have been in many actions, but I never witnessed such a complication of horrors as surrounded me on the forlorn hope at Badajoz.—[Memoirs of Edward Costello, K. S. F.]

Humorous.

A SUCKER IN SEARCH OF THE PLANTERS' HOUSE.

BY EVERPOINT.

"Match pictures" are always agreeable to the eye of taste, why should not match sketches be equally so? "A Sucker in a Warm Bath," recently published in the *Reveille*, called forth, the other evening, the relation of a Sucker's adventures in search of the PLANTERS' HOUSE, and thus we give them.

This Sucker was a very important Sucker—in his own neighborhood, and, in the course of important events, he found himself suddenly called upon to visit St. Louis, a place that he had a mysterious sort of an idea was "some," but that was all. He set out, accompanied by an equally verdant companion, and in due course found himself in the "Mound City," making very consequential inquiries after "the FUST hotel!" Now, the "FUST hotel" in Higsville was "some," and our Sucker thought he had a very adequate idea of "sech bildins;" but one of 'em occupying a hull "suar" was entirely too extensive a conception! When, therefore, the "Planters'" was pointed out to him, he gravely marched by the principal entrance, thinking that THAT was the Court House, sure, and bringing up at the druggist's shop in the basement, on the corner of Pine street, he very importantly asked his friend to enter, went up to the soda counter, and "reckoned they'd take a little whisky."

"We don't sell liquor, sir," said the druggist.

"Temperance house!" remarked the Sucker, aside, and rather patronizingly to his companion.

"Wa'll, ahem, Squire, we'll take a room, I reckon?"

"Oh, you're in search of the Planter's House—entrance just above, gentlemen."

The Sucker scraped himself out rather confusedly, and the next visit he paid was to our friend, Dr. Morgan, where a couch being in one corner of the office, he thought he was right, of course. He probably would have had his boots off had not the Doctor entered at the moment to repeat to him that the entrance was "just above." By this time the Sucker's confidence in his intuitive knowledge of things was rather staggered. He went into the middle of the street for a more accurate observation, and thrice convinced that those high steps and "almity big door," where the folks (LAWYERS, of course,) were standing, belonged ONLY TO THE COURT HOUSE! he forthwith marched with his friend to the other basement corner, (Chesnut street,) and bolting into the stage office he demanded a "room for two," forthwith.

"Certainly, sir; in what direction?" was the response.

"Why, in a LYIN' DOWN direction, I reckon!" exclaimed the tired traveller, beginning to "ride" considerably.

"LYIN' DOWN!" repeated the office keeper; you can have SEATS, sir, wherever you are going."

"Seats, thunder! We've jest rid the hull way from Higsville, by smash, and we want a bed; and ef you haven't got a room, jest say so. Call this yer a FUST HOTEL!" and the indignant Sucker took three strides, accompanied by as many jerks of his elbows—premonitory symptoms of a "RAR up," generally.

The stage agent by this time had "the hang" of the matter, and he very politely told the mistaken Sucker that the Planters' House entrance was "just BELOW."

"Jest ABOVE" and "jest BELOW," and the Court House right in the middle," cried the poor fellow, the importance taken clean out of him. "I tell you what, stranger, ef you've GOT a Planters' House in this yer district, I'd jest thank you to PINT IT OUT!"

The stage agent did so, but it was only after divers suspicious stares at him that the Sucker seemed to be satisfied that he was not again to be victimized. Up he went, with his innocent friend, and looking cautiously round, his eyes rested upon the ranges of pigeon holes, numbered according to the respective rooms, and one half of them containing notes or cards for the boarders.

"POST-OFFICE!" by thunder!" cried he, completely "sawed," as he fancied, and the mere accident of meeting in the lobby, a more experienced friend from his "section," kept him from rushing out of the house. Matters were explained, names registered, and a double-bedded room was reached at last by the excited travelers. The beds were all right—the furniture "fust rate"—but there was an unaccountable green string and tassel hanging against the wall, which kept Sucker the first from taking his nap. Determined to "get the hang" of

this also, he gave it a gentle pull or two, when suddenly a tap was given at the door and a very genteel visitor walked in upon him. The Sucker made him a polite bow, "told him how-dy-do," and asked him to "take a cheer."

"Did you ring, sir?" said the visitor, deprecatingly.

"Ring!—no—I—I 'aint ringed nuthin,'" was the reply, but the Sucker's heart misgave him: there was certainly some mysterious connection between the green string and the interrogatory just put to him, and turning into bed again, he pondered the matter over sleeplessly, until he was started out of his senses and into his boots by the dinner gong.

It was a very full table, but the Sucker and his friend got seats. Clash-dash, hurry-scurry—the misery of thin soup, and the mystery of eating "by CATALOGUE," when our acquaintance, seeing a gentleman helping his neighbor to wine, thought that the rules of the TEMPERANCE HOUSE might as well be broken in his own case, also, and, accordingly seizing the bottle, he divided it between himself and companion.

"Waiter! another bottle," said the amused sufferer opposite.

"What number, sir?" said the GARCON.

"No. 60"—and a second bottle of TINTO replaced the first; but this time "No. 60" was careful not to let it go out of his reach, a SELFISHNESS which the Sucker, once more warming up into importance, evidently couldn't stand.

"WAITER!" cried he, very peremptorily.

"Sir!" said the waiter, just as promptly.

"Another bottle of that yer!"

"What number, sir?"

"Number SIXTY! by thunder."

We "jest natrally" beg to stop here—one fourth page of copy (extreme limit) being reached. But we rather "predict" that if that second bottle came, it WUSN'T charged to "No. 60;" and "we reckon," moreover, that if ever THAT Sucker comes to St. Louis again, however he may admire a FUST HOTEL, he will direct his search any where rather than to the "Planters'."

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

Was born June 27, 1682, and set off in the style, and with the spirit of Alexander the Great. His preceptor asking him what he thought of that hero? "I think," says Charles, "that I should choose to be like him." "Ay, but," said the tutor, "he only lived thirty-two years." "O," answered the prince, "that is long enough, when a man has conquered kingdoms." Impatient to reign, he caused himself to be declared of the age at fifteen; and, at his coronation, he snatched the crown from the archbishop of Upsal, and put it upon his head himself with an air of grandeur that struck the people. His whole reign was one continued scene of warfare, and concluded at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, December, 1718; where, as he was visiting the works of his engineers by starlight, he was struck upon the head by a ball, and killed upon the spot. He might be called the Quixotte of the north carrying all the virtues of the hero to an excess which made them as dangerous and pernicious as the opposite vices. His firmness was obstinacy; his liberality, profusion; his courage, rashness; his severity, cruelty; he was, in his last years, less a king than a tyrant, and more a soldier than a hero. The projects of Alexander, whom he affected to imitate, were not only wise, but wisely executed: whereas Charles, knowing nothing but arms, never regulated any of his movements by policy, according to the exigencies of the conjuncture; but suffered himself to be borne along by a brutal courage, which often led him into difficulties, and at length occasioned his death. He was, in short, a singular, rather than a great man.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Fletcher Webster, Esq., in an oration, says: "The American character is not an imitation, but a creation, no copy, but an original. It is formed by circumstances and position, such as have not before existed; it grows up under institutions which our fathers framed and established of themselves,—new, extraordinary, wonderful and like no others. We are here occupying the greater part of a vast continent, stretching from sea to sea, containing within ourselves most things that human wants, or arts, or taste can desire; sufficient to ourselves in all physical things, and independent of all other people. We are making a great experiment of self-government of twenty millions of people, scattered over so vast a region, that they count their distances apart from each other by thousands of miles; we are growing, expanding, forming; no one can tell what we may become. We are no more to be conformed to European models, than one of our great pines is to be cut and trimmed like the box-wood of a flower garden."

News Items.

NEWS FROM MEXICO—SANTA ANNA'S MANIFESTO.

[From the Washington Union, Sept. 14.]

Files of Mexican papers to the 26th of August, inclusive, have been received at the Navy Department. They contain little of interest, except the address or manifesto of General Santa Anna to the people of Mexico, dated the 16th of August, the day of his landing at Vera Cruz. It is a paper of some length, ably and carefully framed, and temperate in language and sentiments. (It has been sent to the department in the EXTRA form in which it was published in the Spanish language. It will make probably more than four columns of the Union. We may, perhaps, publish it entire.) He commences with a sort of an apology for the part which he played subsequent to 1834, in forcing a strong central government upon the country, which he admits did not result in its quiet or prosperity, and he attributes to the discontent of the people the failure to preserve the province of Texas. He then briefly reviews the conduct of those who have successively administered the government since his exile. The aggressions of the United States were encouraged, he says, by the perfidy of the cabinet of General Herrera. Parades, he says, had always been an obstinate enemy of any popular representative Government; when he heard of his projected revolution at San Louis Potosi he hoped that his opinions had changed; but when Parades's manifesto of adhesion to the plan of St. Luis Potosi, he found it to be rather a diatribe against the Independence of the nation, than the patriotic address of a Mexican general seeking in good faith a remedy for the distresses of his country; and his sinister designs were fully developed by his act of convoking a Congress, and by the attempts to reconcile the people to the idea of a monarchy and a foreign prince.

He denounces and discusses at length, the proposal for a monarchical form of government, which he considers absurd and impracticable. He accuses those in favor of a monarchy of having, almost in a direct manner, provoked the United States to take possession of Texas, and advance an army into the interior of Mexico, in order that the nation might be reduced to the alternative of submitting to Anglo American domination, or adopting a monarchical form of government.—It was with this view, he says, that in 1844 and 1845, when they had the control in Congress, they refused the aid which the existing administration asked for the purpose of defending the integrity of the national territory.

He makes no direct or earnest profession of an intention to prosecute the war against the United States, and does not speak of this country in the usual terms of villification.

He concludes by disclaiming any desire or intention to exercise dictatorial power, and therefore proposes that the Congress about to be assembled shall be empowered to regulate all branches of the administration of the government, and that the provisional executive be entirely under its control. He also recommends that, until a new constitution be proclaimed, the constitution of 1824 be adopted for the internal administration of the departments.

Santa Anna left Vera Cruz on the 18th of August for the city of Mexico. The papers give no account of his arrival there; but one of them, the Republicano, complains of their waiting his arrival to forward reinforcements to the army of the north. Santa Anna, it says, is not the nation; nor is General Taylor a knight-errant, waiting the arrival of a new champion.

An official letter of General Ampudia, addressed to the Mexican Secretary of War, and dated at San Luis de Potosi August 13, speaks of the march of General Gaines upon Monterey; and Ampudia promised to set out the next morning with the brigade under his command to retrieve the laurels lost at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, though he says he himself is not well, and the greater part of his men are recruits, without clothing and without artillery.

A letter from Monterey, dated the 28th of July, says that they expected General Taylor there about the 15th of August; and although their small army was prepared to make a good defence, they expected a defeat, unless the first brigade of the army—which left Mexico under the command of Garcia Conde—should arrive seasonably.

The general of division, Don Pedro Cortazar, had been appointed general-in-chief of the army of the north. This was subsequent to the overthrow of the late government, but previous to the arrival of Santa Anna.

Parades was a prisoner in the city of Mexico, but not in

strict confinement, and had asked for his passports, which it is said would be given to him.

Quiet prevailed in the city of Mexico, but the papers do not seem to indicate much enthusiasm in favor of Santa Anna.

[From the Louisville Courier, of Sept. 18th.]

ANOTHER BATTLE AT NAUVOO.

We copy from the St. Louis Reveille of Tuesday, the following very interesting account of the second battle between the Mormons and Anti-Mormons at Nauvoo. The description is evidently written by one whose sympathies and bias are entirely with the Mormons.

The steamer Alvarado arrived down last evening from Warsaw, and from her officers we learn that the Mormons and Anti-Mormons, had another battle on Saturday afternoon which ended, as before, in the Anties retreating to their camp.

An eye-witness, who watched the progress of the second battle from the top of the Mormon temple in Nauvoo, describes it as a very spirited engagement, in which the new citizens and Mormons prevented the advance of their foes at every point.

The Nauvooites have thrown up three breast-works, at about one and a half miles from the city, towards the road leading to Carthage, and behind those the defending forces are posted, with five pieces of artillery. At about twelve o'clock M. the new citizens fired two six-pound shot into the Anties' camp, upon which the latter sent out a flag of truce, with a request to hold another "talk;" but the citizens of Nauvoo returned for answer, that they were done TALKING with them, and that hereafter they should fight until the other became desirous of a peace. The action now commenced from the artillery on both sides—over eighty discharges of cannon were heard from both parties during the course of an hour and a half. They now closed in and commenced discharges of musketry at each other. A movement was then made by the Anties to outflank the Nauvoo right, and pass their breast-work, which was here defended by the SPARTAN BAND of Mormons, with "sixteen chamber rifles;" the latter drew out from the breast work to repel the advancing force, and succeeded in beating them back.

During this skirmish on the right, a man named Anderson, the leader of the Mormon Spartans, fell, shot through the lungs by a rifle ball, and almost instantly expired. About the same moment, his son, a boy of about fifteen years of age, who was engaged in another portion of the ranks, was struck by a six-pound shot on the right shoulder, and his body made a crushed mass of bones, the whole breast being torn to pieces. Another Mormon was struck during this part of the fight with a cannon shot and killed instantly. His name was Norris, a blacksmith. The fight continued for two hours and a half, and every attempt the Anties made to pass the position of the Nauvooites, they were successfully beaten back, until, at length, they were forced to retire to their camp, leaving the field in possession of the new citizens and Mormons.

During the progress of the fight, an invalid Mormon was posted upon the top of the Mormon Temple, with spy-glass in hand, watching its progress, and the wives of the citizens, with their children, were gathered at the base of the building, with upturned eyes, and painfully anxious faces, listening to his report of the battle, which, from time to time, he related to them from above. Our informant says that he heard many of these poor Mormon mothers declare that they would perish in the streets of Nauvoo, defending it against this mob, if it should drive their husbands in from the field where they are posted.

The number of killed on the part of the Anti-Mormon force is unknown. At Carthage they only acknowledge to six badly wounded—Capt. Smith one of the number, mortally. Every preparation was making on both sides for another battle.

All capable of bearing arms in Nauvoo are engaged in the fight. Many of the women and children of the new citizens are in the city, without the power or opportunity to leave; their husbands are in the field battling against an unreasonable mob, and they are left a prey to the worst of fears.

The report of the first fight was a wildly exaggerated rumor, only one Mormon having been wounded in the HEEL, and several Anties badly frightened—the main bodies of the opposing forces not having ventured within musket-shot range.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

We conversed with the Clerk of the Thomas Jefferson yesterday, about the terrible gale in the Gulf. He states that in addition to the loss of the New York, the steamer Hard Times,

well known at this port, which has been plying lately on the lake between New Orleans and Mobile, was lost in the same gale, and that all hands on board perished with the exception of three. The little steamer China was lost between Galveston and Brazos—no lives lost. She was owned by the Captain who had no insurance on her. Fears were entertained at New Orleans for the steamer Telegraph, which was expected on her way to that port from Brazos. The schooner Excelsior, with discharged volunteers, had been due at New Orleans for more than a week, but up to the last dates nothing had been heard of her. The Louisville Journal has the same information, obtained from the same source.—[Cin. Com.]

FROM YUCATAN AND TABASCO.

The New Orleans Delta of the 8th, has news from Campechy, to the 30th ult., and from Tabasco to the latest hour.—It is stated in a letter from Laguna, under date of 3rd ult., that the U. S. brig-of-war Somers arrived at Laguna some days previous, and took in a supply of water and provisions, and that it had been stated by the commander of the Somers that Tabasco would likely be blockaded, unless peace was restored very shortly.

THE GRAVE OF RINGGOLD.

Lieutenant Ridgely, in a letter relative to the removal of the remains of Major Ringgold, gives the following description of the grave at Point Isabel:

"The grave now presents a very unique and appropriate resting place for a gallant soldier. Four posts, ornamented as well as the limited means will allow, are erected, one at each corner, connected by pieces of timber, the upper having holes bored at every six inches, through which musket barrels, captured from the Mexicans, are placed as a railing resting on the lower one; the bayonets are all fixed and the whole painted black.

A distinguished Pottawatomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed—and a good friend to the Americans, requested a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that he never gave whiskey to good men—good men never ask for whiskey, and never drink it, it was only BAD Indians who asked for whiskey and liked to drink it. "Then," replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, "me rascal."

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